

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, Vice President; JOHN C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer; PHILIP S. COLLINS, Editor; DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor; JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

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THE ILL WIND

IT CANNOT be said that the multiplying orders of the Pennsylvania fuel administration make darkness general everywhere. They tend to make, lighter for the burglars.

Lenine has ordered the execution of all who oppose the Soviet Government, thereby establishing a precedent which he is likely later to have cause to regret when the anti-Bolshevik get hold of him.

PETROGRAD IS NOT PARIS

PETROGRAD and Paris both begin with P, but, from the military point of view, that is the only resemblance between the cities at the present time. The Germans have been headed toward Paris for four years, but they have found insurmountable obstacles in their way.

The members of the draft boards seem to be drafted themselves. They are not to be allowed to resign.

ICE AND THE WAR MENU

THE imminence of a serious ice shortage has been largely brought about through a characteristically American failure to regard frozen water in the same economic light as other foods in war times.

No nation in the world imbibes so many cold drinks as ours; none, not even the Italians who are said to have invented ice cream.

In such weather as the meteorological experts now daily announce we ought to have a sufficiency of frozen food. But in January, when the outside temperature would please Amundsen, we really should forgo the delight, sung by Eugene Field, of hearing "the clink of the ice in the pitcher that the boy brings up in the hall."

We don't need to freeze our throats on the same days that we clamor for coal to warm our bodies. Beef is not essential every day, nor is ice water in winter. Adjusting our conduct to this latter truth will hereafter help us to counter-attack General Humidity when he launches his dog-day offensives.

The water bureau is doing its best to prevent the creation of a dry zone south of Market street.

SHIPS WITHOUT FRILLS

A LARGER ship than the Quistconck was launched on the Delaware this morning. The Watsonwan was eighty-five per cent completed and yet her launching was scheduled as "a quiet affair."

The creation of a new cargo carrier is now no more a phenomenon than the production of a new locomotive.

It is becoming more fashionable and more necessary to wheedle the ticket seller and the plumber, the ice man and the garage attendant, telegraphers and mechanics.

Those who work otherwise than with their muscle are the misfortunate and oppressed of these new days.

It is nice to see everybody getting more money. But it isn't nice to see their new power go to their heads. If you would perceive the evils of bolshe-

BOLSHEVIZED PUBLIC SERVICE

A New Question That Mr. McAdoo and Col. George Harvey May Grapple With in Cold Weather

VERY hot weather, such as the country has endured within the last ten days, is dangerous in more ways than one. It enfeebles the blood of statesmen and publicists, thinkers and near-thinkers, and causes them to say wild and silly things.

We have Colonel George Harvey, for instance, snarling charges of treason at Henry Ford and demanding in shrill prose to know what President Wilson is going to do about it.

Mr. McAdoo wants all the railroads in the country electrified at the earliest possible moment. We have it on the word of the Navy Department that a submarine off the Carolina coast belched mustard gas at the coast guard.

Obviously Colonel Harvey stuck to his desk in New York when the thermometer went to 102 last week. Mr. McAdoo also refused to guard against the heat. He returned to his post and let it do its worst.

THE WICKEDNESS OF BATTING A BALL

NO AMOUNT of argument would convince the conscientious objectors to Sunday baseball that they are reading into the ten commandments an injunction which they do not contain.

The Christian Church observes Sunday as its holy day and not Saturday, or the Sabbath of the Jews. Its strict observance, with abandonment of all secular enjoyment, is due to the Puritan revolt against the license of the cavaliers.

Nothing amuses a German prisoner so much as the care that is taken to prevent him from escaping.

Germany is a good deal more respectful toward scraps of paper now that she is wearing them.

When Wilhelm gets to Petrograd We know what he will find: A thousand hungry Soviets.

Some blank checks of Lenine's—The Russ has bolshevized, but He's mighty short of beans.

The Germans haven't enough sense to come in out of the Ukraine.

If you make a perfect ass of yourself you can get away with anything. The trouble comes when you show yourself an imperfect ass.

Germany keeps on trying to exchange women deported from France for baby-killers captured by the police.

But one good interne deserves another.

The Spirit of France "We need more aluminum for our rings," wrote a French polli, referring to the metal rings that the French amuse themselves by making from German shell cases.

We have ordered some from the boches; they are good business men and are filling the order immediately.

You want to be careful what temptations you fall for and what ones you resist. Sometimes a temptation doesn't come again.—Don Marquis.

Think, for instance, what self-control and forbearance the Kaiser and Hindy showed in not insisting on eating that dinner in Paris.

It seems a little too hard on Spain that, having been the refuge of "Boss" Tweed, Marshal Bazaine, Porfirio Diaz and Jack Johnson, she should now be selected as the residence of M. Malvy, the disgraced ex-Foreign Minister of France.

Now that a dry zone has been fixed around the Frankford Arsenal, thirsty workmen may try to enlarge it by absorbing the liquids to be found outside the zone limits.

If Lenine and Trotsky ever form the subject of a volume in the "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Men" series, the writer will have to do a lot of traveling.

Although we do not know much about the Uabri River, which British troops are said to have reached, we somehow feel it should be brimful of interest.

So far as Uncle Sam is concerned, those coastal warps are I O U-boards, and it is fervently hoped that they will promptly pay what he owes them.

Oddly enough, the Government seems to have decided that one of the helpful means of promoting the defeat of Germany is not to liquor.

The lightning stopped the clock in the City Hall tower, but the high old times went on as usual beneath it.

Karl Rosner is likely soon to say that the report of the Allied victory in Picardy is merely a "frame-up."

Germany clamored for a place in the sun, but Philadelphia would forgo hers without the least regret.

I'm puzzling something out, Mr. Interlocutor. "Well, Mr. Bones, I'd be glad to be of any assistance. What's bothering you?" "It's just this, Mr. Interlocutor: How can Germany be so short of fat when she can still call upon the heads of her generals?"

A Fat Chance

ism symbolized vividly go out to almost any cash-and-carry ice station or to those central ice warehouses where the employees of the companies sell ice to the really poor. There the women and children wait humbly in patient lines, while men who seem to have become lords and barons overnight bawl at them, fling them bits of ice or make them wait unnecessary and cruel hours in the sun. This is the iceman in his new aspect!

Essential service is increasingly hard to get. Those who render it become more ungracious all the time. Are we all becoming Bolsheviki together? Are high wages to make us all haughty, overdependent and unwilling to do anything that we aren't compelled to do?

Where are we drifting anyhow?

Mr. McAdoo, before he electrifies all the railroads of the country, and Colonel Harvey, before he buckles down to convict Henry Ford of treason, might answer that one question. We have the impression that it will prove in the long run to be one of the most important of all the questions of the war.

The Allies have taken 1000 German guns; but the Kaiser should worry. It simply means so much more work for Krupp, in which he is a shareholder.

KEEPING THEM CHEERFUL

The following sign in the window of a Chestnut street bookstore amuses us:

READ THE MOST TRAGICAL POEM IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SEND A COPY TO A FRIEND (5c)

A few more thunderstorms like the recent one and we will have to put our straw hat on with a spoon.

In spite of the U-boat raid Cape Fear doesn't seem frightened.

Miss Dante to the Rescue Dear Socrates—Your definition of a Bolsheviki isn't bad, but I like mine better. It is: A Bolsheviki is one who believes a week-end begins on Friday afternoon and lasts until Tuesday morning.

ANN DANTE

An English paper reports that a girl was saved from drowning by an undertaker. Will the Embalmers' Union fine him for unprofessional conduct?

Not even the most gullible German will believe that an advance on poor old Petrograd will do much to ease Ludendorff's blood pressure on the western front.

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A Fat Chance

SINCE YOU INSIST

The Man With the Hoe (Press) ABOUT these roaring cylinders, Where leaping words and paper mate, A sudden glory moves and stirs— How dimly understood, in sooth, The magic of the printed word!

What power for falsehood or for truth, What hearts attentive to be stirred,— How dimly understood, in sooth, The magic of the printed word!

These flashing webs and cogs of steel Have shaken empires, routed kings, Yet never turn too fast to feel The tragedies of humble things.

O words, be strict in honesty, Be just and simple and serene; O rhymes, sing true, or you will be Unworthy of this great machine!

Roscoe Peacock, after studying our bulletin board at Sixth and Chestnut with bated breath, copied off the following dispatch and brought it up to us: NSVETK291MSDNN1 Reported Out of the Senate Committee.

Is it possible that the Senate has got rattled by our remarks about its willful waste of syllables?

Some one seems to have declared a dry zone around Karl Rosner's fountain pen.

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THE GOWNSMAN

Does the Naturalist Love Nature? "BACK to Nature!" the prophet and the pundit proclaim, but neither will stay the plodding pace of his own way thither to reply to the idle query. "What, sage sir, is Nature which you capitalize so insistently, and why return?"

"NATURE? Well, let me see: nature is something green, something that isn't green or kept too nicely. Some such answer as this we might expect from the man in the street, who usually has an answer ready for anything and who, as a rule, is not so very far wrong. For the man in the street, let us see: nature is something green, that grows. A flower, a tree, a cabbage, each is plainly nature; but a man? Not all men are green or ill-temper; and some, alas! have long since ceased to grow. Obviously man is outside of nature, especially when he herds in towns, whence the saying: "God made the country, man the town," and the devil the suburbs commutable.

THERE are persons who think of the country as a place in which to get good things to eat. Such persons do not live in too close proximity to a large city or they would long since have learned the difference between a farmer who lives on the land and sends his surplus to market, and a trucker, who drives from dark centers and fringes white on the can't sell. To some nature is the country, a land of the heart's desire, inhabited visibly by mere country folk, but potentially by shepherds and shepherdeses, all supernatural young, gay and fascinating, possibly even dwell in—who knows?—in deep recesses, by elves who haunt the shadows and by fairies who swing in the sunshine. "No, sir," said the little boy from Boston, his eyes magnified to the size of those of an owl, as he stared through his goggles. "No, sir, the belief in fairies is a popular superstition, conceived in ill-advisedly by ignorant nurses and indulgent mothers. There are no fairies in that wood; but I have personally observed eleven varieties of edible mushrooms, to say nothing of delicious fungi," and the disquieting wandered on through fields, blazing in sunshine and glorious with autumn flowers, until the congenial asphalt brought a frowning pragmatist back to the proximities of life.

THE GOWNSMAN is an admirer of science—not always of the scientific. He once, more or less scientifically, collected "observed and studied" more than 3000 different kinds of insects, noxious and innocuous. But there was in his nomenclature, and he passed on to other things noxious and innocuous. Can a scientist man really love nature? Does the designation of a thistle as a Cirium lactescens induce even a Scottish botanist, such as our Professor MacFarlane at the University, to love it the more? Can the habitual naturalist, and who has a really good calling of things by hard names possibly breed in the man addicted to such language a true love of the creatures so maligned? It has been questioned whether Thoreau did not love nature too well to be a really good naturalist. And our ancient days, John Burroughs—may the sylvan gods spare him to many more years in the world he so loves!—does he not his heart with his head? studied zoology out of "Hyrax and Fox" and folk-lore out of "Mother Goose." Peace, you fanciful poets, with your pathetic and other fallacies; silence, you professors of the

animal world. There is little that a rational animal can learn about a man that is likely to inspire anything except terror and disgust. The beasts do not talk—at least outside of German folk-lore and beast-lore, which appear to be much the same thing. And if the beasts could talk they might not grow exasperated some of our fictions about their nature. Above all, the Gownsmen, in no merely manlike intelligence, but lead us into an agreement with the perverse opinion of Life on the subject of vivisection.

YOUR GOWNSMAN is a bit of a lover of nature himself, in an indolent and intermittent way. He is no naturalist in any sense of that abused designation. He admires science, as already implicitly stated, but does not like her superior and supercilious manners, and would dislike exceedingly—should she ever so condescend—to have her turn her cold, searching eyes on him or anything that he loves. Should the Gownsmen ever botanize—as he once entomologized—he will not pluck flowers for microscopic scrutiny from his grandmothers' green. Above all, the Gownsmen, in no merely sportsman and looks with horror on the Englishman's alleged ideal of a holiday: "Come, let's go out somewhere and kill something."

AT THIS moment your Gownsmen is sitting bucolically at the foot of an ancient apple tree, with thickets of wild cherry, blackberries and ferns encroaching as confusedly and inartificially as nature can grow such things in their most disheveled. Near by is a boulder of granite that would cover a fair-sized city lot. It is close enough to show the splashes of lichen which radiate from dark centers and fringes white on the edges. A branch, weighed down from the tree behind it, has thrown a cluster of light green apples over the boulder with the abandon of a white arm about a lover's neck. In front the blades and ears of grass fringe upward, the irregular apple branches downward, framing distant forests of deep green, overtopped with hills in lessening shades of violet and blue as they recede in remoteness. The field stretches in the foreground forward and downward, flecked in the tawny green of standing grass; the Gownsmen, had husbandman, is sorry to have to say, with splashes of shining white, which he is informed are wild parsnips, a disreputable weed, which really has no place on any decent farm or in any well-constructed landscape.

FOR such there is the distant tinkle of the cowbells, the sighing—not sighing—of the wind in the trees overhead, the hum of bees in busy passage to and fro and the flutter of wings in the thickets. There follows the twitter of swallows in flight from the great barn not far away and a bubbling gladness from some wined seraph, a lovely musical phrase which, could the musician catch it, might be worked into a ravishing human melody. Other sounds come to the ear which will hear them, a thrush in the woods, the metallic click of the cuckoo—it is his secret whether he is far off or near. The indolent Gownsmen has received a morning call from eight or nine different families of birds since he sat down in this spot. He was interrupted just now to return the salutations of a persistent little fellow with a long call from eight or nine different families of birds since he sat down in this spot. He was interrupted just now to return the salutations of a persistent little fellow with a long call from eight or nine different families of birds since he sat down in this spot.

SOMEWHERE, Oliver Wendell Holmes suggests the charming thought that on the outskirts of every town the grass and the flowers are continually conspiring to creep in, to cover, to make beautiful the ugliness of the temporary structures of men. On the shore we pick up a white pebble. It is lighter than quartz; it is the piece of a bone of a dead fish, cleaned and purified by the sun, shaped to roundness, smoothness and consistency, as an atom in the silver strand. We may harrow the land and out of our harrowing bring ugliness and plenty. But even with forests leveled we can spoil little of the earth's perennial green. We may toil, sto, on the sand, but we cannot destroy the water's eternal splendor. By land or sea, it matters not, nature